THE ADVENTURES OF THE STRANDED DIME MUSEUM FREAKS—No. 1

BOBBY WRITES A LEARNED ESSAY ABOUT WOMEN

My Aunt Almira says that woman was the last and crowning work of creation, but my Uncle Bob just bats his eyes like a toad in a hailstorm. Our language is called the mother tongue; there ain't any father tongue. Women are all the time trying to improve you or reform you, or something, and telling you that from this you should learn; but a man don't care which way the twig inclines, just so's you don't tell lies or steal or rake a stick along his picket fence.

Women love society and missionaries, and men don't. Aunt Almira says society is the mingling of congenial spirits for mutual edification and improvement; but it gives Uncle Bob a pain in the neck. He says that golf is the art of chasing a liver-pill around the pasture with a scythe-snath, and that any girl that possesses a million dollars has got a good figure, even if she's so skinny that when she swallows a gooseberry it shows. He also says that society is composed of equal parts 'of envy, extravagance and egotism, compli-cated with giggle, gabble, gobble and a hectic desire to get your name in the pa-pers. I've noticed myself that most of the foolish things we do in this life are done by us b'cuz we suspect that some-body else thinks we can't do 'em.

If you want to wind Uncle Bob up and start him running, all you have to do is to say "Society" or "Missionary" to him. He's like a snake with fourteen rattles and a button—you touch the button and the snake will do the rest. The average missionary has a long face, like a horse's, and puts in his time trying to talk you into giving money to the heathen through his nose. I don't mean giving the heathen the money through his nose, but that's the way the missionary talks. The heathen is always broke. Heathens are called heathens b'cuz they act in such a heathenish manner. They go around in public clad in total indifference and an occasional shirt, and kick up their heels in the glad sunshine.

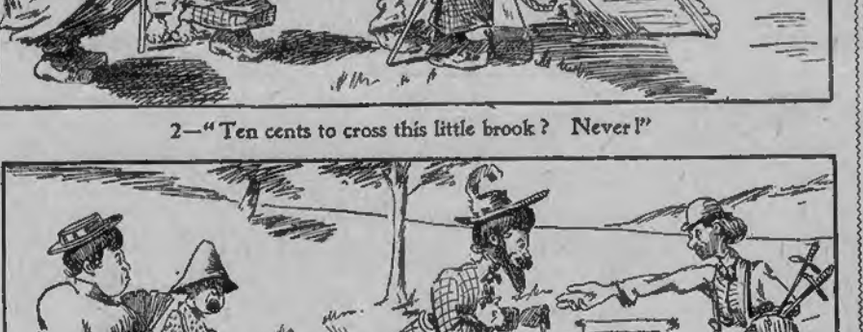
Some missionaries are so dry that I should presume the heathen would have to grind 'em up with a mortar and pestle before they could get much good out of 'em. Uncle Bob had a dog once that looked almost exactly like a sausage mill, only there was more hair on him. Uncle Bob called him Peruvian; not on account of the strength of his bark, but b'cuz one time when a lady missionary came to the house to collect money for the usual heathen he bitter. That dog's anecdote was only about three inches long—an anecdote is a short and funny tale. Once there was a lady missionary that was captivated by a gang of savage briga-diers, and them brigadiers swore if this country didn't pay 'em a hundred thou-sand dollars they'd marry her, and this country just dared 'em to!

All women like missionaries, but old maids are especially fond of 'em—so are the heathen. The former want to marry 'em, and the latter want to boil 'em; so the unfortunate missionaries have got hot water coming to 'em, either way of the cloth. If I never knew another thing as

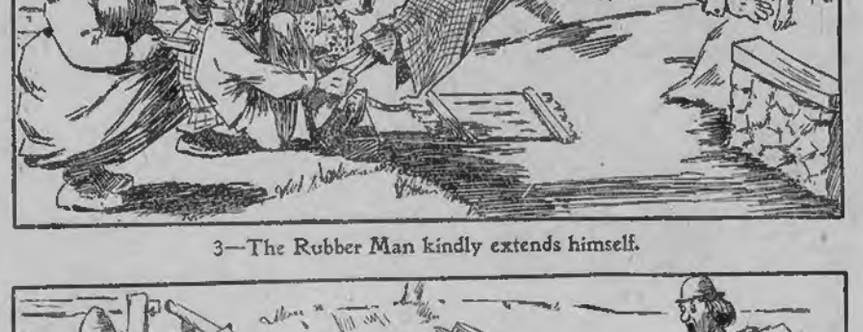
1—"Hooray! Here come some passengers."

2—"Ten cents to cross this little brook? Never!"

3—The Rubber Man kindly extends himself.



4—The Bearded Lady safely crosses over.



5—The Fat Lady is indeed a burden.

6—And they all continue on their journey.

THE POINT OF VIEW MAKES A DIFFERENCE

"Well, isn't that enough to make a grown-up man weep?" snorted Mr. En-body scornfully, chucking his paper on the table.

"What is it—the advertisement of an-other dyspepsia cure?" asked his wife ap-prehensively.

"Why, I was just reading a description of some of the doings that are going to be done at King Edward's coronation," explained Mr. Enbody, wisely ignoring the innuendo in the tail of his wife's question. "And to think of men—real, live, grown-up, adult men—making monkeys of them-selves like that makes me sick."

"What are they going to do?" asked Mrs. Enbody, with interest.

"Why, they're first going to rig them-selves out in all sorts of outlandish and tomfool costumes," Mr. Enbody began, with a look of disgust. "The idiots are going to deck themselves out in crimson and ermine robes, and gold-decked coats, and satin or silk breeches, knee breeches, mind you, and silk stockings, and jeweled buckles on their shoes, and fancy swords by their sides, and glitter-ing coronets on their addled pates, and I don't know what all. Sounds like a cir-cus parade, doesn't it?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Enbody, thoughtfully. "Maybe they'll look very dignified and splendid."

"Pah!" sneered Mr. Enbody, contemp-tuously. "And then the dressed-up mon-keys are going to caper around," he went on, more disgustedly, "one idiot doing one foolish thing, and another lunatic doing something else still more useless and asinine, and all the rest of the driveling idiots bowing and scraping until you get the shudders just reading about it."

"Perhaps it will be lovely," suggested Mrs. Enbody, reflectively. "It ought to be very magnificent and impressive."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear; look at it in a practical, sensible way," remonstrated Mr. Enbody, earnestly. "Isn't it enough to disgust anybody who isn't a besotted, boot-licking Anglomaniac?"

Mrs. Enbody shook her head doubtfully, and Mr. Enbody sneered some more.

"And then there's the absurd titles the silly degenerates are willing and proud to be known by," Mr. Enbody continued, with increased derision. Why, one bla-tant ass is so stuck up he can't see the earth because he's a hereditary grand marshal, and another graven image chuckles and rejoices every time he re-members he's the King's almoner, and another crazy ape gleats over being a herald king-at-arms, whatever that is, and another lineal descendant from an unmentionable woman, who doesn't know enough decency to be ashamed of it, goes out and hurrahs because he's been made a green-eyed geezer, or a toggle-jointed Tommy, or something like that. Isn't it awful, positively awful?"

"But, you know, all those titles have some historical significance," objected Mrs. Enbody.

"I'm astonished at you, Martha; I am indeed," said Mr. Enbody, with a scoffing laugh, as he got up and began to pull on his overcoat. "Still," he contin ed, with a smile of patronizing superiority, "I sup-pose it takes a hard-headed, unsentimenta business man to see how utterly ridiculous such silly kerflummery and tomfoolishness is in this common sense age."

"Why, where are you going to-night Henry?" asked Mrs. Enbody, paying

THE ADVENTURES OF THE STRANDED DIME MUSEUM FREAKS—No. 2

The Wild Man of Borneo joyfully joins the party.

In the distance they see Cholly and Gwendolin at lunch

The Wild Man of Borneo attempts to make their acquaintance

And though he fails, the hungry freaks get something to eat

THE ADVENTURES OF THE STRANDED DIME MUSEUM FREAKS—NO. 3

1—"Hiram! Dew look at what's comin'! Set the dog on 'em!"

2—The dog "sets."

3—And then retreats.

4—Permitting the temporarily-embarrassed stars of the circuit to wander on.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE STRANDED DIME MUSEUM FREAKS—NO. 4

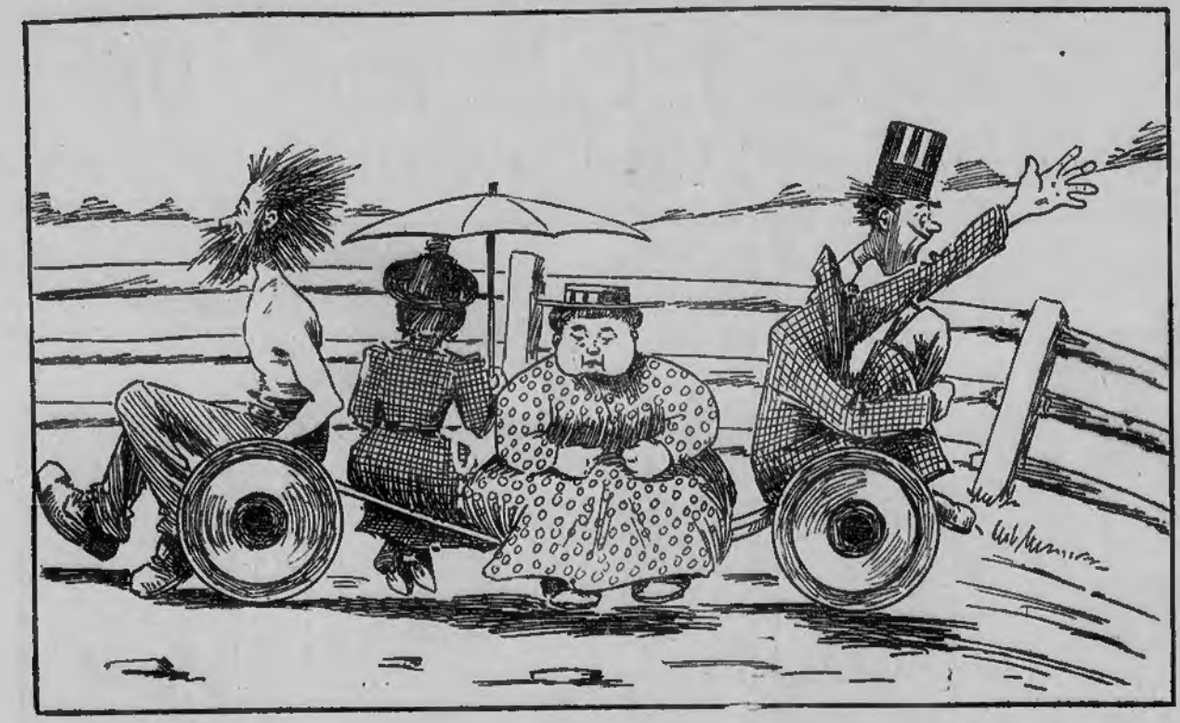
1—"Here comes a guy, Miranda. You ask him the way to town and we'll hide behind the wall."

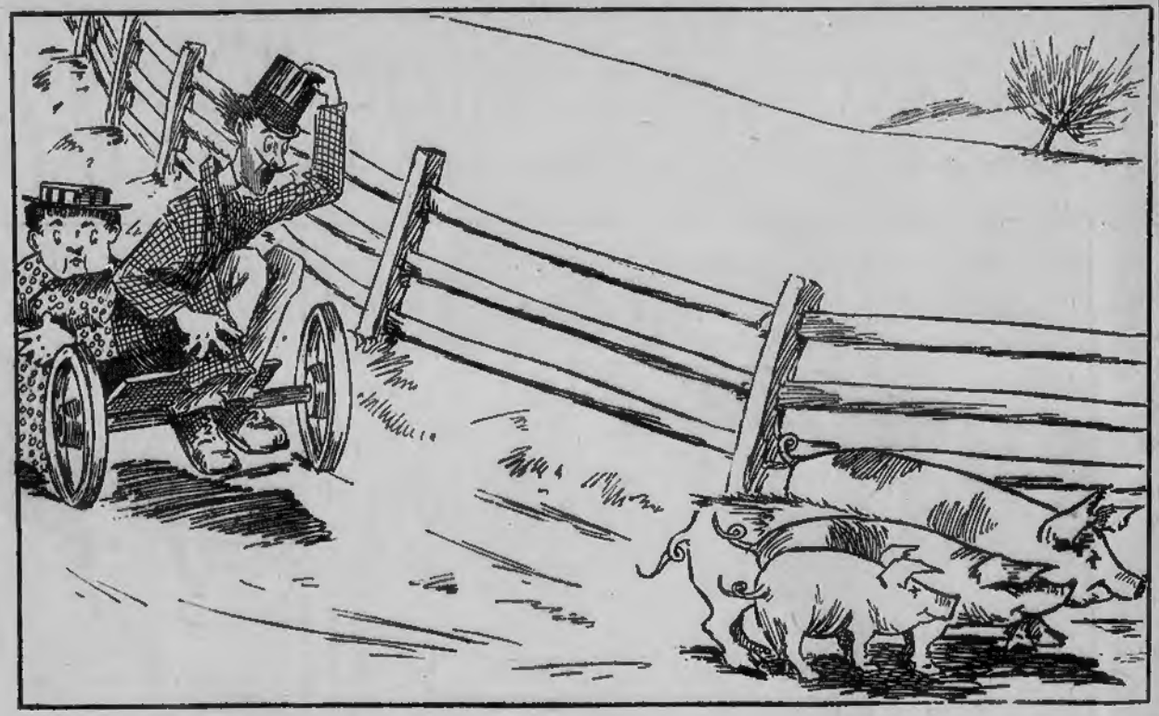
2—Cholly (facetiously)—"Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

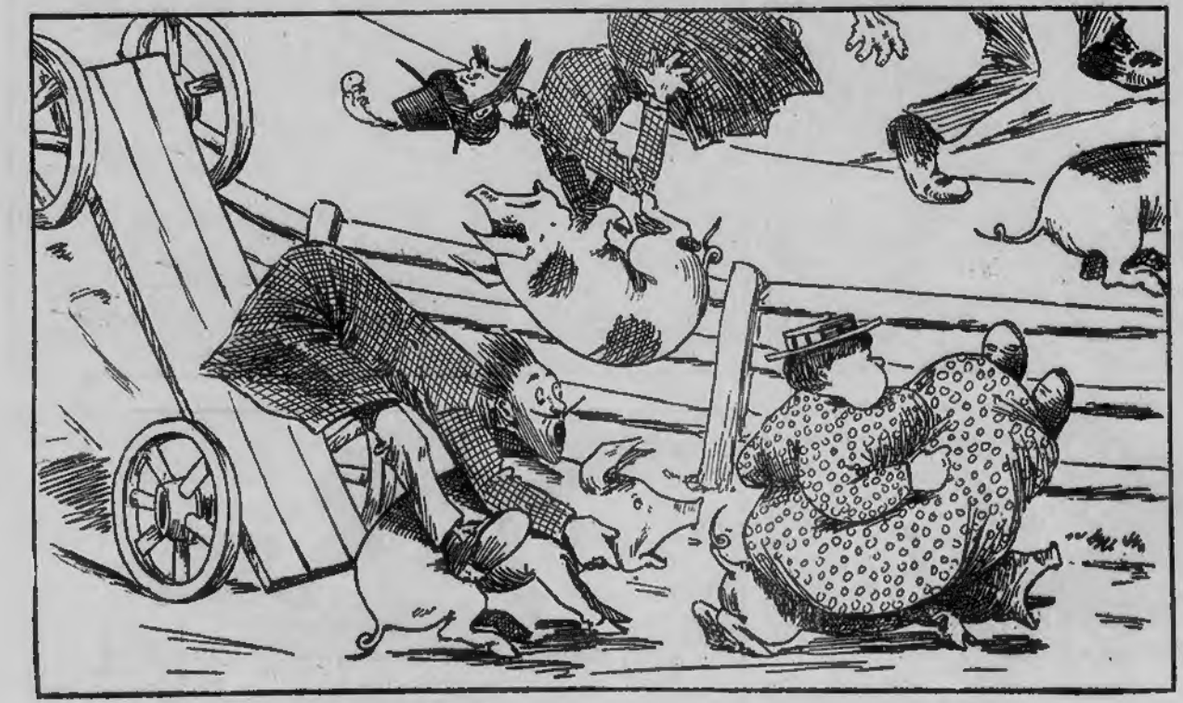
4—The Rest of the Freaks—"There are a few, kind sir!"

4—"THERE ARE A FEW!"

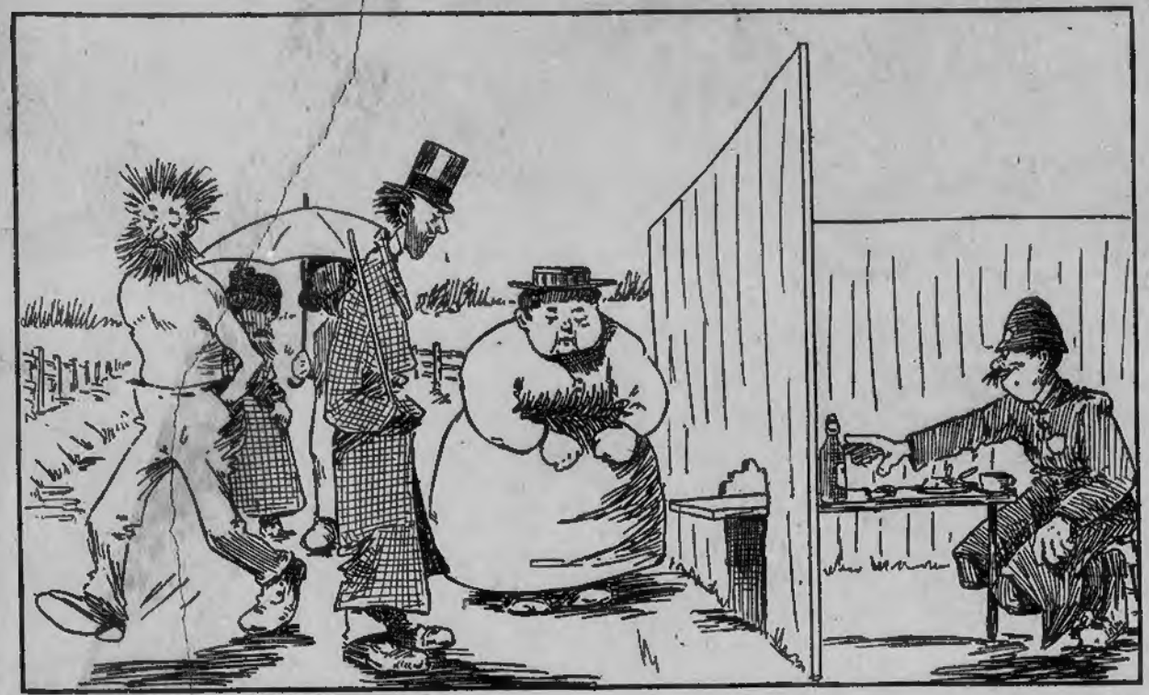
AGAIN THE STRANDED "FREAKS" ARE SAVED BY NATIVE ABILITY—NO. 5







THE ADVENTURES OF THE DIME MUSEUM FREAKS—THE FAT LADY UNEXPECTEDLY PROVIDES A MIDDAY LUNCH



THE STRANDED DIME MUSEUM FREAKS HAVE AN EXCITING ESCAPE FROM THE COUNTY JAIL

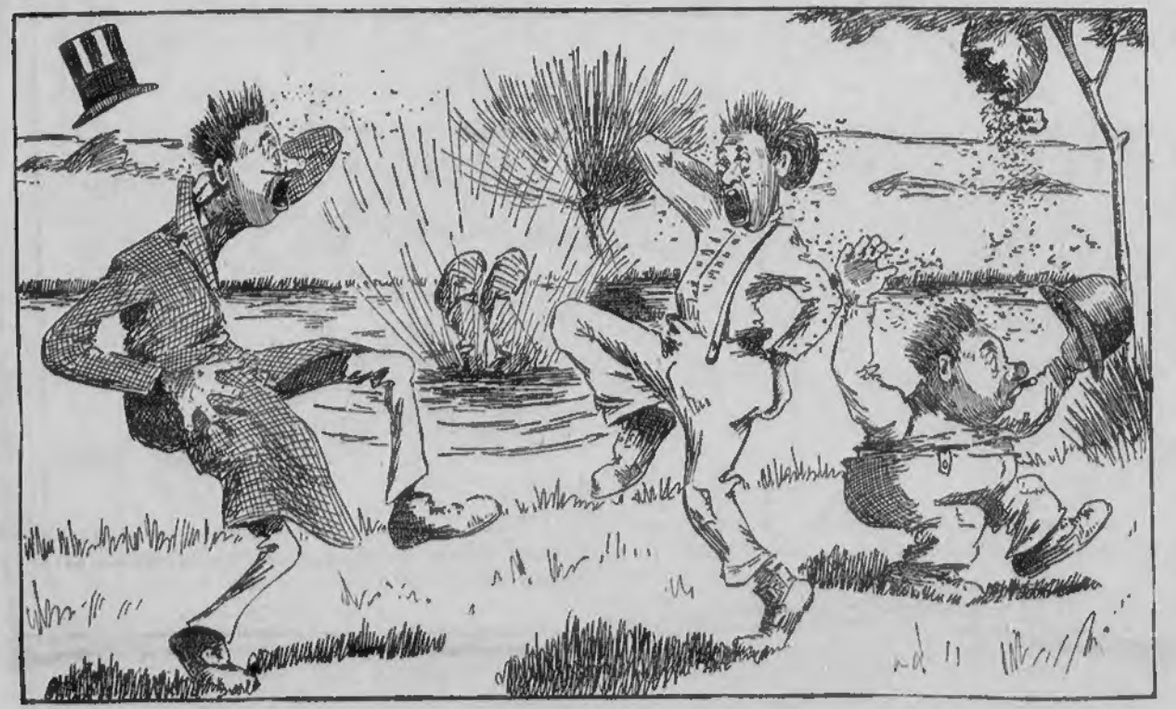
THE STRANDED DIME MUSEUM FREAKS DIDN'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN THE FARMERS, BUT THEY SIMPLY HAD TO HAVE A DRINK

"MIRAM IF WE DRINK TOO MUCH OF THIS HARD CIDER WE'LL BE SEEIN' THINGS."
"THURS NOTHING TO SEE IN THIS CIDER JOSH, I GROWED THEM APPLES MYSELF."

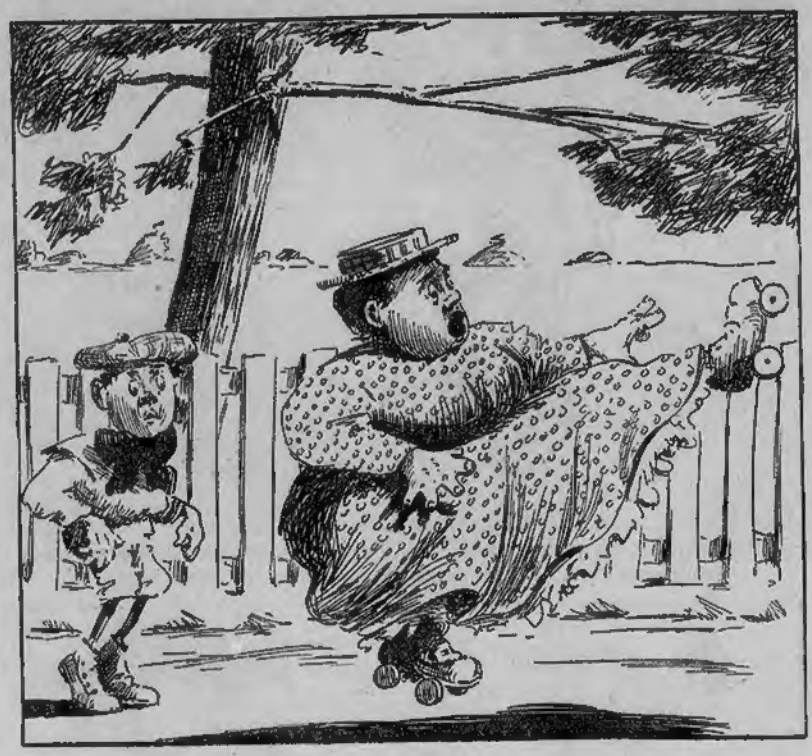
"SUFFERIN' CATS JOSH, LOOK AT THAT."
"HA, HA, MIRAM I TOLD YOU'D BE SEEIN."

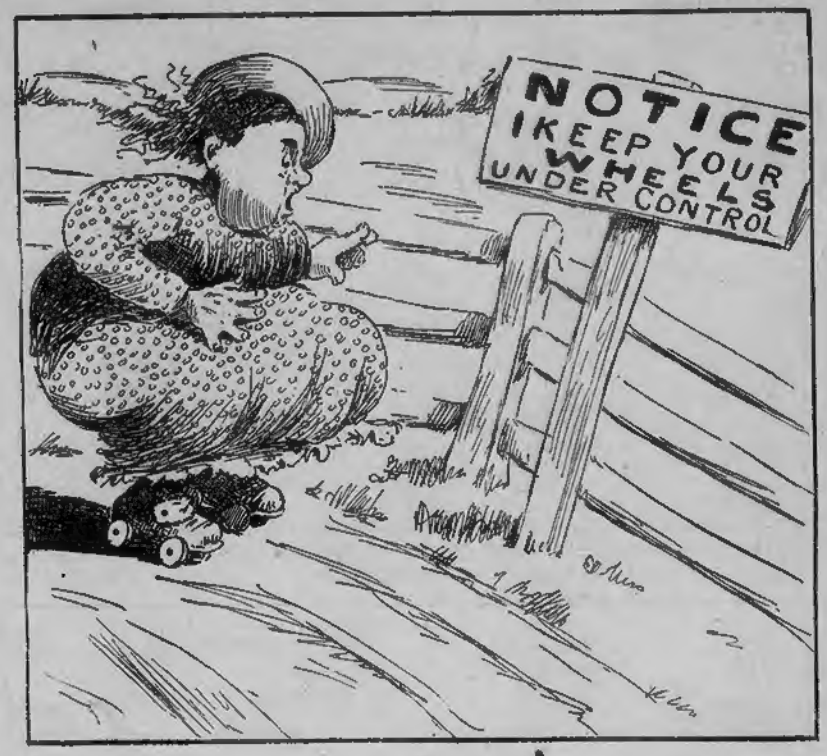
"GEE WHIZ LOOK AT MINE"

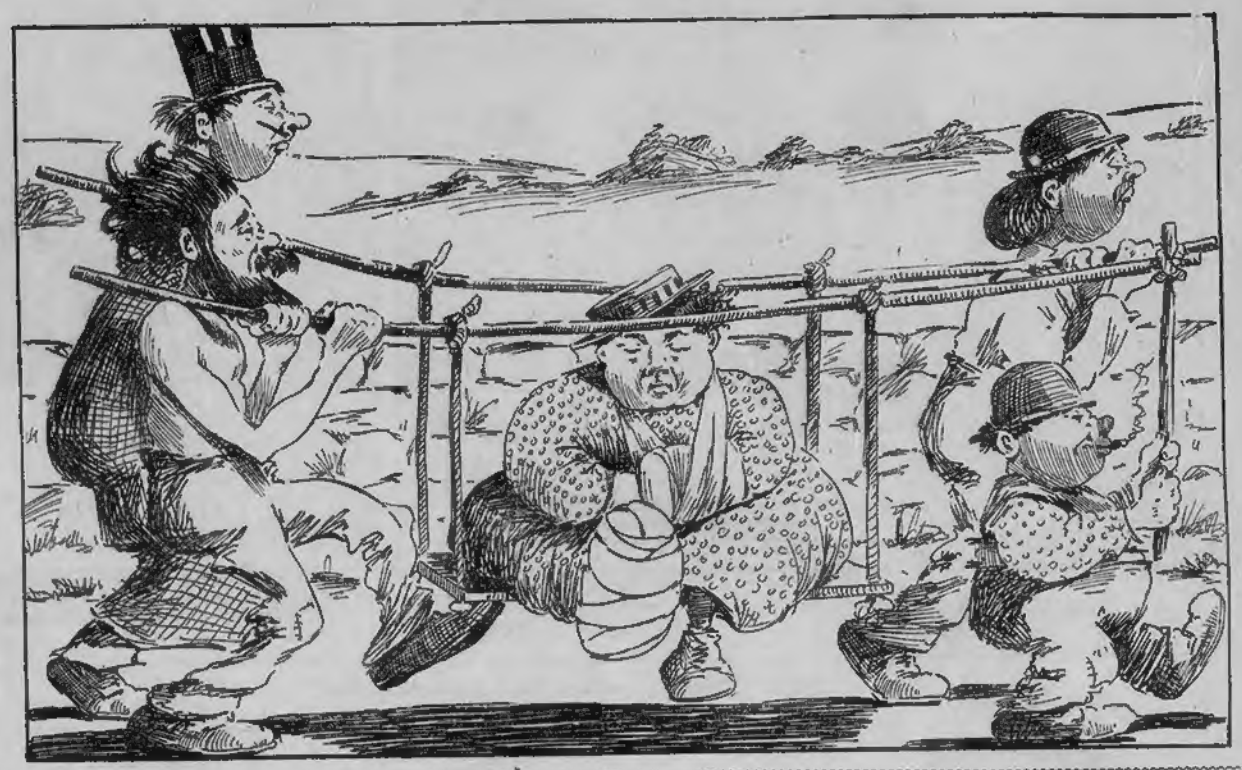
THE ADVENTURES OF THE STRANDED DIME MUSEUM FREAKS



THE FAT LADY MEMBER OF THE DIME MUSEUM STAFF BUYS A PAIR OF ROLLER SKATES







FULFILLED HIS GENIUS